

## THE HOME.

It is not doubted that man has a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possessions and fortunes, whence he will not desert if nothing calls him away, whence if he has departed he comes to be a wanderer, and if he returns he comes to wander.

—Condition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at home, my heart, rest, The bird is safest in the nest. For all that flutter their wings and fly, A hawk is hovering in the sky."

—Longfellow.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

**The Robin and the Chicken.**  
A plump little robin flew down from a tree, To hunt for a worm, which he happened to see; A hawk young chicken came scampering by, And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that! His wings are so long and his body so fat!" While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard: "Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No." But when, in its turn it the robin could crow, So the bird sought a tree, and the chicken a wall. And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

—Grace F. Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.

**The Little Toes.**  
Baby is clad in his night-gown white, Puffy-cat purr-r-r a soft good-night, And somebody says for good-night, The little toes of the little toe.

**RIGHT FOOT.**  
This big toe took a little boy Sam Into the cupboard after the jam; This little toe said, "Oh, no, no!" This little toe was anxious to go; This little toe said, "Taint quite right;" This little toe curled out of sight.

**LEFT FOOT.**  
This big toe got suddenly stubbed; This little toe got suddenly rubbed; This little toe suddenly cried out, "Bears!" This little toe said, "Run up stairs!" I own came a jar with a loud slam! This little toe got all the jam!

—Edward Everett Hale, in Wide Awake.

When, in a historic hour, you look back in the chronicles, to see what all this started from, you do not find great comfort. Here is the very frank confession of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote six hundred years after the time of the great Arthur.

"While occupied on many and various studies, I happened to light upon the history of the kings of Britain, and wondered that in the account which Gildas and Bede, in their elegant treatise had given of them, I found nothing said of those kings who lived here before the time of Chaucer."

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and his pranks are so laughable that I can seldom keep on a sober face long enough to punish him. Nearly a year ago there came a strolling theatrical troupe to town. They played tragedy and comedy, performed pantomimes, and did the negro minstrel business to perfection, so the boys thought. But what my son Harry most admired was the play of "Toodles." This he determined to reproduce in his own theater, with new and unheard-of effects.

There was new scenery painted on an old sheet, with straw from a new broom, by Harry's father, and a stage mechanism, whittled out with a jack knife, by Blonsey Slaw; old costumes made to look as good as new, by Tommy Bonnerbump, assisted by his sister-in-law, Sally Threadneedle; new appointments, by Tim Pennyfeather; new and original music to be performed on new and original instruments by the orchestra, under the direction of Pat Giovanni, an Italian from Ireland—the whole play to be produced under the supervision of Harry Bateman, stage-manager.

The above stupendous bill wound up with the following:

"Tickets purchased of speculators on the sidewalk will be refused at the door!"

The stage was erected in the woodshed, and reared on four saw-horses. The floor consisted of two old barn-doors joined together. The drop curtain was a second hand horse blanket. The parquet and dress circle were filled with large sticks of wood, too tough to split, set up on end. These were called chairs.

What the management called galleries were two window-sills. These were usually occupied by small boys at quarter price. One boy, who had been in the theater for the use of the aristocracy, it consisted of a second-hand cupboard or wardrobe, and was mounted on wheels. Purchasers of this private box were allowed the privilege of having it placed in any position they wished.

Two "big boys" once demanded that the private box should be placed in exactly the middle of the stage. To this the whole management objected. The two horrid big boys twitted them with "going back on their word," and triumphantly held up the management's own bill and programme, which read in huge letters: PRIVATE BOX PUT IN ANY POSITION DESIRED.

The management had to succumb. The whole company, male and female, were ordered out to move it. After great difficulty and several mishaps, it was hoisted into position. When the play commenced, the company found that it obstructed the stage so much that there was not room for them all to perform at one time. So part of the actors had to get down and play in the parquette. This made the audience of the theater very much vexed, but the audience were convulsed with laughter.

The play was "Toodles," and was received with great applause. When that was over, the company did the "nigger-minstrel" business. Harry's face, neck, and hands were made as black as black could be with burnt cork.

Meanwhile Harry confided to the bonesman and the tannoy the plan he had formed to "get square" with the two occupants of the private box. They willingly promised to assist him. The moment the performance was over, Harry and his partners rushed for the private box, violently shut the door, fastened it with a broom-handle, and then kicked the whole concern over. As it fell, the two aristocrats inside gave a yell of rage, and threatened to kick the whole company "like blazes." When you catch us, the boys shouted. "Then the best retreat, each going in a different direction."

My Harry ran into the cellar, fastened the door, and then crouched down in a corner.

In a few minutes the late occupants of the private box arrived at the cellar-door, very much vexed. But the door was too stout to be broken. They gave up all hopes of wheeling him out on the pretence of friendship, and at last with hammer and nails they fastened him in. On going away they bade "by-by," "I hope he would have a good time," and further more they invited him to a very sarcastic manner "to call up and take dinner with them at four o'clock—that is, if he could get out."

There was no escape for poor little Harry, as they very well knew, until I should get a word or two from the inside, which communicated with the parquette. The windows to the cellar were those called bull's eyes, and they were so small that Harry, slender as he was, could not squirm through them. The little fellow realized the situation, and accepted it with a bit of whining. He lay down on the top of two soap-boxes and went to sleep.

In about two hours he awoke very much refreshed, but, as he told me, very hungry. There was plenty of food of various kinds in the cellar on a swinging shelf, but it was too high for him to reach. So he jumped up and stood on the edge of a soap-box barrel. He leaned forward and grasped an apple. As he was leaning back, he slipped and went down into the soft-soap up to his neck. Then, in foundering around and trying to get out, he tipped himself and the soft-soap over.

They both came out simultaneously. In struggling to get up from the floor, which was very slippery, Harry stumbled against the soap-box barrel. Exasperated, he drew up his foot and gave a smart kick. It rolled back and struck the barrel to a barrel of molasses. Now followed a great flood—molasses and soft-soap, in great quantities, mingled together—enough to float the little City of Ragusa. But the best of it, or rather the worst of it, was, that Harry did not know that the molasses barrel had been braced. It was very dark in the cellar; and even if it had not been, he might not have discovered the leakage, for the barrel, which he so unfortunately kicked, lay close up to the stream of molasses which was running so that Harry did not discover it, and it slid into the soft-soap so easily that he didn't hear it running. The fact is, the boy's mind was on his new suit of clothes during all this catastrophe. They were completely saturated with soft-soap. He was afraid there would be entirely spoiled, or at least that the color would come out, if they were not immediately rinsed clean.

It was impossible to get out of the cellar, and there was no water to be had in it. He had spoiled three suits of clothes lately, and now, at the fourth one, he was afraid his mother's patience would give out. What should he do? O, what should he do? A happy and original thought struck him. The dear boy showed a real genius. He said: "I will wash them out with cider!" He stripped naked to the skin, laid his soapy clothes under the cider barrel faucet, and then turned it. When they were well saturated, he took them, a piece at a time, in his hands, and rubbed them back and forth over his knuckles like a regular washerwoman. Just then his father and I came home.

We were told by some boys who met that Harry was asleep in the cellar. As soon as we arrived we lighted a lantern and went down, and there we found him, stark naked, standing before a barrel and washing his clothes out with cider. Oh, he was the most comical and laughable sight that I ever beheld! His face was as black as a negro's, the burnt cork not having been washed off since the performance, and in contrast his delicate little body in the gloom looked as white as marble. The cellar floor was covered with soft-soap, molasses, and cider, and in these apples, pears, peaches, three loaves of bread, and two lumps of butter. All this we discovered in an instant. I was making the whole house ring with laughter, but my husband

had thus far kept on a sober face, thinking, I suppose, of the damage. He looked terribly cross at Harry, and said sternly, "Come here, sir, and tell me what you made all this mess for! You will catch it, young man, I can tell you!"

Harry was frightened and ran. He went racing around the cellar, still naked, with his black face, and swinging his pants in his left hand. My husband caught him by the shoulder. The little rogue gave a dive head-first between his father's legs, and they both went down into the soap, molasses and cider. Harry was up in an instant. He made for the stairs; but his father headed him off, and the little fellow was obliged to take refuge in the ash-bin. His body being wet, the ashes stuck to him, which made him the most ridiculous thing in existence. I was so nearly killed with laughing that I expected to fall down from sheer weakness.

Just then Harry came up and clasped his arms around my knees. He had just time to say, "O, mother! O, mother please don't let father whip me!" when like an avalanche his father bore down upon us. The floor was so slippery, and he had got under such headway, that he could not stop. The consequence was that we all went down together into the slippery flood. The lantern went out, and we were left in almost total darkness. My husband now began to laugh. I joined him; Harry came in on the chorus. We all laughed together for fifteen minutes. Then we laughed for ten. Harry now stood up, and putting his greasy arms around his father's neck, said, "Dear father, I did not mean to; indeed I did not mean to. There was silence for a moment, and then his father answered, "Well, Harry, since you are not alone in it, we will be forgiving and let you off this time."

Remembrance.  
I can not rest:  
A dear face shines upon me like a star  
Through death and darkness. Poor, sweet,  
lonely love!

Oh, I would be the stone upon her grave,  
Or the least flower that blossoms on her dust,  
But for the blessed hope that I shall meet  
My darling somewhere in the silent land.  
The rock of death divides the rushing wave,  
But the twin streams shall surely meet again.

Through the dim world the village bell  
Touches her ears, and every solemn sound  
Repeats her name whose pensive thoughts were  
My arms empty but my heart is full,  
And shall be full of her forever more.  
—From the Japanese.

CURIOUS, USEFUL AND SCIENTIFIC.  
The forests of the United States comprise 412 species of trees. Of these sixty are peculiar to Florida.

Asbestos as a lining for men's hats is a new idea. Being a non-conductor of heat the advantage is apparent.

A botanical phenomenon was witnessed on the shore of Todos Santos Bay, Lower California, where an apple-tree blossomed and bore large perfect fruit on its trunk, an inch from the ground.

In the United States there are eighty-two factories engaged in the manufacture of glue, and that they employ altogether about 2,000 hands. The value of the product is above \$5,000,000 a year.

The Columbus Medical Journal reports a case of death from poisoning with bromide of potassium. The victim was given doses of eighty grains each at intervals of four hours during four days.

The only land from which the total phase of the solar eclipse of September 8 can be seen is New Zealand. The totality lasts only two minutes and a half. An expedition will be sent from Melbourne to observe it.

The musk beetle according to an English observer, has the power of emitting or suppressing its odor at pleasure; but when drying the scent is continuous, and after it has been more powerful than at any time during life.

It has been observed in Russia that extreme cold converts tin into a semi-crystalline mass containing large cavities. In one instance the pipes of a church organ were so altered by cold as to be no longer sonorous.

It appears from observations made in France that the development of vegetable life is retarded by an average of nearly four days for each additional 100 yards of altitude. The arrival of the chimney swallow is delayed about two days for each increase of 100 yards in height.

Spots, faculae, eruption, and protuberances were last year more numerous in the southern hemisphere of the sun, according to the tabulated observations of M. F. Lacaille. Such solar phenomena occurred also in the wide zone stretching north and south of the equator, whereas in preceding years there was a notable absence of them close to the equator itself.

M. A. Villiers has extracted from the remains of two cholera patients a well characterized alkaloid. His reactions and the experiments made with it he describes in the Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie.

In treating frogs with it the most prominent result was a slight and temporary decrease in the number of beats of the heart. Guinea pigs yield to its influence in the course of four days.

Malaria is not confined to low-lying districts. It climbs to high altitudes, following the course of the valleys. In Italy it rises to the height of 400 to 500 feet; in California, 1,000 feet; along the Apalachian chain, 3,000 feet; in the West Indies, 1,400 to 1,800 feet; in India, 2,000 feet. On the Andes it is sometimes found at the base of the mountain. Under ordinary circumstances a moderate altitude will be found comparatively free from malaria.

Experiments have been made by a committee of French experts, including M. Pasteur, in order to ascertain the best means of disinfecting chambers in which cases of contagious affections have been lodged. The committee reports that sulphurous acid gas is the best disinfectant; but recommends that instead of simply burning sulphur, as is done in barracks and such places, bi-sulphide of carbon should be burned in rooms, as it is less injurious to furniture or metals.

Mr. J. Bailey Denton has predicted that the year 1885 will be remarkable for a sort of water dearth in the East and South of England. He shows that the rainfall in 1884 was not more than two-thirds that of the average, while the proportion of rain evaporated was unusually great, and he therefore maintains that this year there must be a lowering of the subterranean water supply, and a reduction of the yield of the springs which supply the rivers, entailing an increase of the evils of the pollution of the streams.

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